In our owne natures pure; but when we suffer
the husbands stampe vpon vs; then ~~the~~ alayes
and base ones of you men are mingled with vs,
& make vs blush like coppr.

Petru. Then, and neuer
till then, are women to be spoken of
for till that time you haue no foules, I take it.
good night; come gentlemen, I'le fast for this night,
but by this hand, well, I shall comme vp yet.

Mari. Noe.

Petru. There will I watch thee like a withered Iewry
thou shalt neither haue meate, fire, nor candle,
nor anie thing that's easie; doe you rebell so soone,
yet take mercy.

Bian. Put vp your pipes to bed Sir, I'le assure you
a months siege will not shake vs.

Moro. Well said Colonell.

Maria. To bed, to bed Petruchio, good night gentlemen,
you'le make my father sicke with setting vp:
here you shall find vs anie time these ten days
vnlesse we may march of with our contentment.

Petru. I'le hang first.

Mar. & I'le quarter if I doe not
I'le make ye know and feare a wife Petruchio,
there lyes my cause, you haue been famous
for a woman Tamer,
and beare the feard name of a braue wife breaker,
a woman now shall take these honors off.
and tame you, nay neuer looke so bigg,
she shall beleeue me, and I am shee, what thinke yee?
good night to all, you shall find Sentinels. — Exeunt omn

Bian. If ye dare saltye

Petro. The diuell's in 'em euen the very diuell,
the downe right diuell.

Petru. I'le diuell 'em, by these ten bones I will, I'le bring it to the old
prouerbe; no sport, no pye; death taken downe i'th top of all my
speed, this is fine dauncing; gentlemen, stick to mee, you see
our free holds touchd, and by this light we will beleaguer 'em, &
either starue 'em out, or make 'em recreant.

Petro. I'le see all passages stopt but these about em;
if the good woemen of the towne dare succour 'em,
wee shall haue warres indeed.

Sopho. I'le stand perdu vpon 'em.

Moroso. My regiment shall lye before.

Iaques. I thinke so, 'tis growne to old to stand.

Petru. Let's in, and each
prouide him to his tackle
wee'le fire 'em out, or make 'em take their pardons,
heare what I say, on their bare knees, I vow
am I Petruchio feard and spoken of
and on my wedding night am I thus jaded. Exeunt.

Enter Rowland at one doore. Pedro hastly at the other.

Row. How Pedro?

Pedro. Very busie Mr. Rowland,

Row. What haste man?

Pedro. I beseech you pardon me I am not my owne man

Row. Thou art not mad?

Pedro. No, but beleeue me as hastie.

Row. The cause good Pedro.

Pedro. There be a thousand Sir, you are not married.

Row. Not yet.

Pedro. Keepe your selfe quiet then.

Rowland